OCTOBER 2020 VOLUME 25

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ジーポーザーズ

HARVEST MOON

Credits

Marot Satil
Editor, Lead Author & Quality Assurance

Brae Ritian
Author

Nusha Zenko
Author & Quality Assurance

Zyn
Author

Ajisai
Designer

Gabe
Designer

Hatash Hyrunashi
Designer

Avianne Veadaux
Artist & Quality Assurance

Maphe
Artist

Alma Emma
Author

Kiggle Pin
Designer & Quality Assurance

Lufreine
Designer, Author & Quality Assurance

Meia Mochi
Designer, Photographer & Quality Assurance

Q'uinn Tia
Designer & Photographer

Yae
Designer

Yulia Rose
Designer & Quality Assurance

Leeja Llen
Photographer, Author & Quality Assurance

Misia Kitami
Photographer, Author & Glam Artist

Valern Vandemon
Photographer

Kiyo Molkoh
Glam Artist & Quality Assurance

Mimiki Miki
Glam Artist

Sirenia Severus
Glam Artist

Aleterasu Tsubasa
Quality Assurance

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Hizurida
Translator (Korean)

Celesta Estheim
Photographer

Cutiepoo Usasa
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Izayoi Ishikawa
Photographer

Minty Greywoode
Translator (Japanese) & Quality Assurance

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FOR MONTHLY REWARDS!!!!

Harvest Moon

Community Couture

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Blessed Autumn

BY DIAMOND MOONROSE
FROM FAMFRIT

This witch blossoms in the crisp air and vibrant shades of autumn. She lives a life of seclusion in the forest where she hones her skills in botany and creating herbal remedies. She uses her magic as a way for her to connect to and better appreciate the beauty of nature.

GEAR LIST
FOR BLESSED AUTUMN

MAIN HAND: INGRIMM
Obtained: Resistance Weapons Saga

HEAD: SHARLAYAN PRECEPTOR'S HAT
Obtained: The Great Gubal Library

CHEST: NEO-ISHGARDIAN TOP OF HEALING
Dye: Mud Green
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 80)

GLOVES: REPUBLICAN MEDICUS'S WRIST TORQUE
Obtained: Storm Sergeant - Wolves' Den Pier (1,500 Wolf Marks)

PANTS: MAKAI MOON GUIDE'S QUARTERTIGHTS
Dye: Chestnut Brown
Obtained: Currently Unobtainable

SHOES: GAGANASKIN SANDALS OF HEALING
Dye: Kobold Brown
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 61) / Norlaise - Ishgard - The Pillars (19,994 Gil)

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MISTRESS OF FATE

BY ANNABELLE DELPHINE
FROM LEVIATHAN

Twitter:
@peachposting

More likely to be seen lurking the back streets of Kugane than a mire or swamp, the Mistress of Fate is a modern witch. Well-versed in the mystical world of astrology, her readings of the stars always come to fruition. Despite coming from a more modern school of witchcraft, she chooses to adorn herself with a fusion of styles combining the iconic crooked witch hat and cut gown with a punk classic; fishnets and combat boots. Like any good witch, she can brew potions, or turn people into frogs, but why do that when you could simply stand on their neck instead?

GEAR LIST
FOR MISTRESS OF FATE

MAIN HAND: SOLSTICE
Obtained: Resistance Weapons Saga

HEAD: WELKIN HAT
Obtained: The Hands of Fate (Sidequest)

CHEST: REPUBLICAN MEDICUS'S CHITON
Dye: Soot Black
Obtained: Storm Sergeant -
Wolves' Den Pier (3,000 Wolf Marks)

GLOVES: FALSE NAILS
Dye: Soot Black
Obtained: Madhura - The Fringes - Castellum Velodyna (6 Ananta Dreamstaff)

PANTS: BUNNY CHIEF TIGHTS
Obtained: Gold Saucer Attendant -
The Gold Saucer (36,000 MGP)

SHOES: REBEL BOOTS
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 80)

EARRING: THE EMPEROR'S NEW EARRINGS
Obtained: Goberin - Western Thanalan -
Vesper Bay (48 Gil)

NECKLACE: GOATSKIN CHOKER
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 26) / Ilorie -
Old Gridania (897 Gil)

BRACELET: THE EMPEROR'S NEW BRACELET
Obtained: Goberin - Western Thanalan -
Vesper Bay (51 Gil)

RING: WEATHERED RING
Obtained: Maisenta - New Gridania (168 Gil)

RING: SUNSTONE RING
Obtained: Crafted (GSM Lvl. 27) / Sileas - Ul'dah -
Steps of Nald (1,735 Gil)

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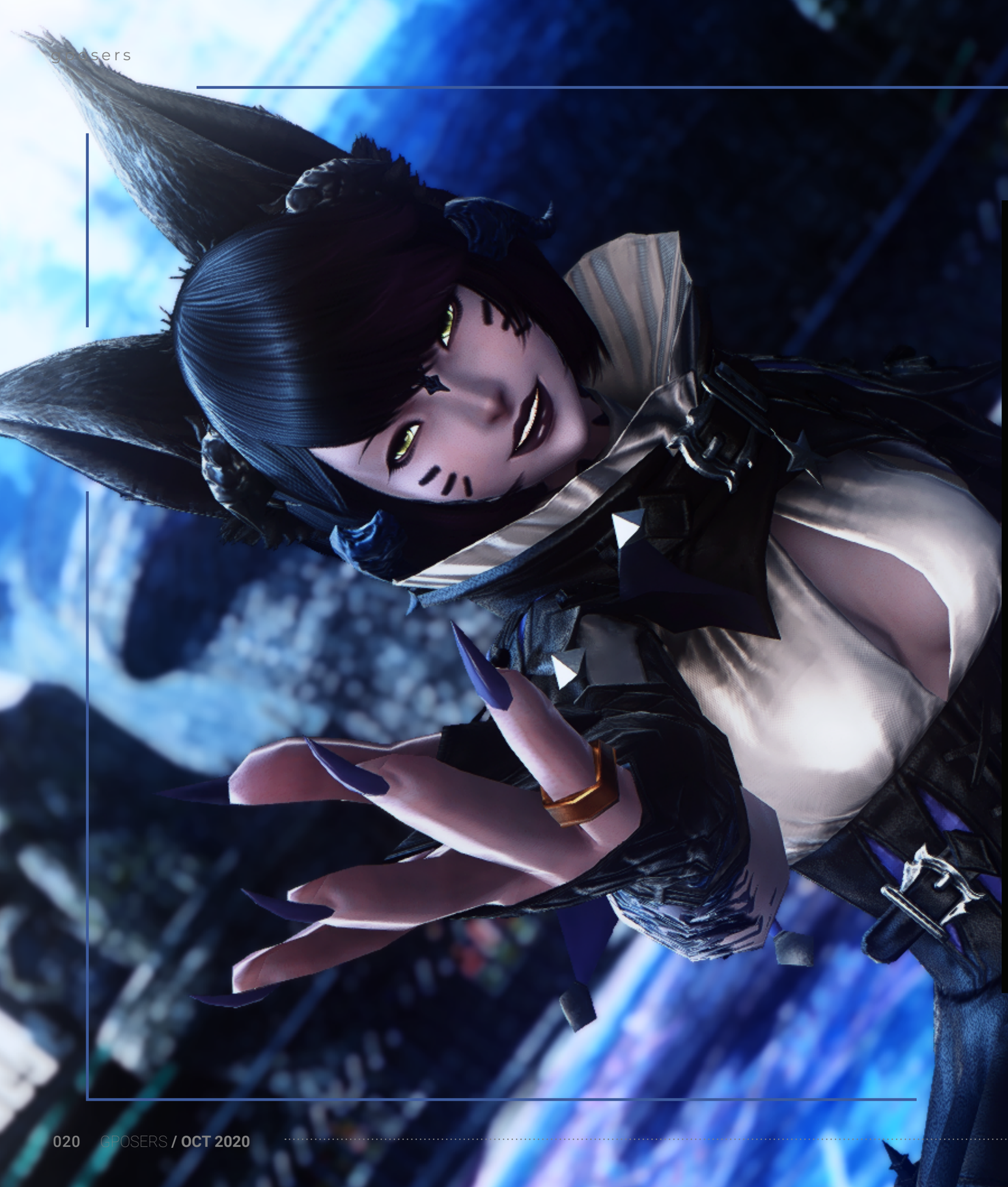


Frisky FAMILIAR

Her eyes glow in the darkness, listening to her master's wishes as she fades into the night. Her claws like blades, ears attuned to every sound, as she sneaks into your heart. You can't help but be dazed by her beauty, only to be captured. She takes you to her den, telling you everything will be fine, but you can see in those glowing eyes that you are now her new mouse.

GEAR LIST
FOR FRISKY FAMILIAR

MAIN HAND: PALLADIUM RAPIER
Dye: Gloom Purple
Obtained: Crafted (GSM Lvl. 70)

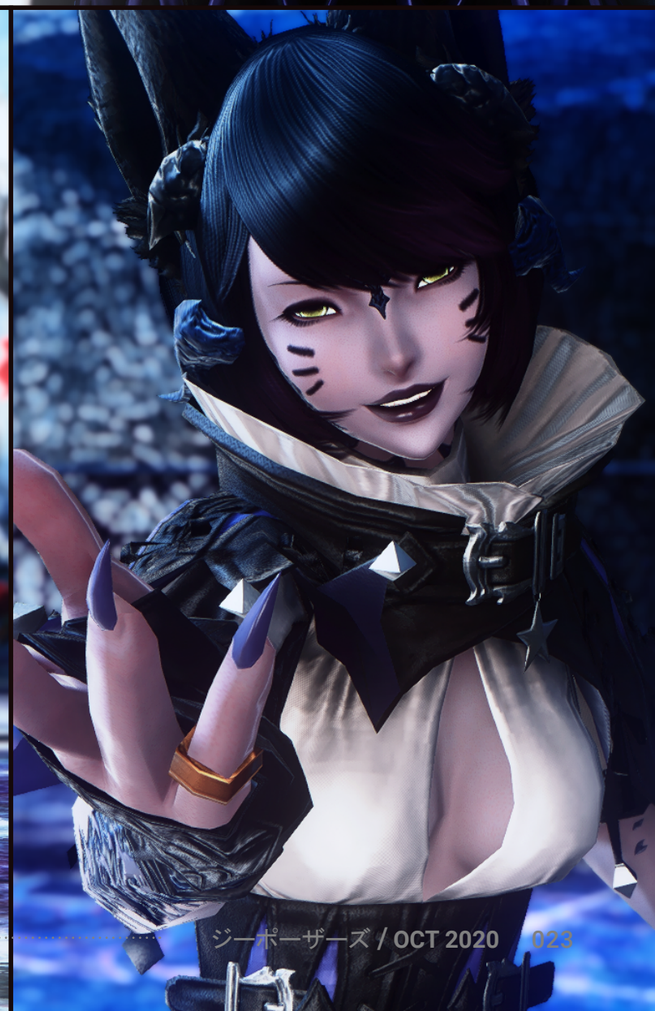
HEAD: WEREWOLF HEAD
Dye: Soot Black
Obtained: FFXIV Online Store

CHEST: CHIMERICAL FELT COAT OF CASTING
Dye: Soot Black
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 60)

GLOVES: REPUBLICAN SIGNIFER'S FINGERLESS GLOVES
Dye: Gloom Purple
Obtained: Storm Sergeant - Wolves' Den Pier (1,500 Wolf Marks)

PANTS: VALENTIONE FORGET-ME-NOT TIGHTS
Dye: Gloom Purple
Obtained: Future FFXIV Online Store Item

SHOES: BLACKBOSOM BOOTS
Obtained: FFXIV Online Store



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Matoya's Cave

Deep in the Dravanian Hinterlands lives the powerful Master Matoya—once praised as a fine researcher. As the saying goes, “With age comes wisdom.” This outfit is inspired by the monochromatic purples and oversized hat.

GEAR LIST
FOR MATOYA'S CAVE

MAIN HAND: WALNUT CANE
Obtained: Geraint - Old Gridania (3,586 Gil)

HEAD: MATOYA'S HAT
Obtained: Encyclopedia Eorzea Vol. 2

CHEST: TRUE LINEN ROBE OF HEALING
Dye: Gloom Purple
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 70)

GLOVES: PAGOS FIELD DRESSING
Dye: General-purpose Pastel Purple
Obtained: Eureka Pagos Lockboxes

PANTS: EIKON CLOTH CULOTTES OF HEALING
Dye: General-purpose Pastel Purple
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 60)

SHOES: MIQO'TE SHOES
Obtained: Maisenta - Old Gridania (48 Gil)

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THE SPIRIT HEALER

A nomad shaman who taps into the power of nature and the elements and communicates with the spirit world. He resides amongst the villagers, providing his prophetic counsel and healing aid to those who seek his power.

GEAR LIST
FOR THE SPIRIT HEALER

MAIN HAND: RAPIER OF THE BLACK GRIFFIN
Obtained: Storm Private - Wolves' Den Pier (2000 Wolf Marks)

HEAD: PANEGYRIST'S MASK
Dye: Soot Black
Obtained: Hullbreaker Isle (Hard) / Sohr Khai

CHEST: WOAD SKYWICCE'S FUR
Obtained: Sohm Al

GLOVES: REPUBLICAN SIGNIFER'S FINGERLESS GLOVES
Dye: Snow White
Obtained: Storm Sergeant - Wolves' Den Pier (2000 Wolf Marks)

PANTS: RONKAN TIGHTS OF CASTING
Dye: Soot Black
Obtained: Xylle - The Crystarium (120 Sacks of Nuts)

SHOES: PANEGYRIST'S SANDALS
Obtained: Hullbreaker Isle (Hard) / Sohr Khai

NECKLACE: LAKSHMI'S NECKLACE OF CASTING
Obtained: Rowena's Representative (Kugane) - Kugane (5 Bliss Totem) / Emanation (Extreme)

RING: FACET RING OF CASTING
Obtained: Crafted (GSM Lvl. 80)

RING: VALERIAN DARK PRIEST'S RING
Obtained: Castrum Abania

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Ultimecia

Ultimecia is the main antagonist in Final Fantasy VIII, and a powerful sorceress who is able to manipulate space and time. This glamour set is inspired by her original outfit and highlights the red and black colors of her gown, as well as her foot gear piece which resembles a beast's claw.

GEAR LIST
FOR ULTIMECIA

MAIN HAND: SOULSCOURGE
Obtained: Resistance Weapons Saga

HEAD: REPUBLICAN SIGNIFER'S HORNS
Dye: Pearl White
Obtained: Storm Sergeant -
Wolves' Den Pier (2000 Wolf Marks)

CHEST: FACET COAT OF CASTING
Dye: Ruby Red
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 80)

GLOVES: NO. 2 TYPE B GLOVES
Dye: Lotus Pink
Obtained: The Copied Factory

PANTS: THAVNAIRIAN TIGHTS
Dye: Soot Black
Obtained: The Aquapolis /
Crafted (LTW Lvl. 60)

SHOES: WARG SHOES OF CASTING
Dye: Soot Black
Obtained: The Grand Cosmos

EARRING: PLATINUM EARRINGS OF CASTING
Obtained: Crafted (GSM Lvl. 50)

NECKLACE: HEMATITE CHOKER OF CASTING
Obtained: Urake - Kugane (16,560 Gil) /
Crafted (GSM Lvl. 71)

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Voodoo Mage's Blessing

Let the magick flow through your veins, calling upon the spirits to heed your summons. Each card shows your path and you can't run from it. Wait, why are you running away? You are the one who came here for answers. Now that you are entranced by my spell, it's time for you to truly see what you're capable of.

GEAR LIST
FOR VOODOO MAGE'S BLESSING

MAIN HAND: LAKELAND ASTROMETER
Obtained: Holminster Switch

HEAD: BONEWICCA SOOTHER'S MASK
Dye: General-purpose Jet Black
Obtained: The Swallow's Compass

CHEST: BLOODHEMPEN CHESTWRAP OF HEALING
Dye: General-purpose Jet Black
Obtained: Crafted (Weaver Lvl. 61)

GLOVES: IDEALIZED SOOTHSAYER'S ARMLETS
Dye: General-purpose Jet Black
Obtained: Memoria Misera (Extreme)

PANTS: ASURAN HAKAMA OF HEALING
Dye: General-purpose Jet Black
Obtained: Yolaine - Ishgard -Foundation (60 Centurio Seals)

SHOES: TRUE GRIFFIN SANDALS OF HEALING
Dye: General-purpose Jet Black
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 70)

Witch of the Waves

There is strength in the frightful waters of the sea, and you can lay claim to it as an ocean-savvy witch. You'll be like a siren of eld, luring sailors to their deaths in this spellbinding getup. Control the waves as the moon does, as you are empowered by its embrace.

GEAR LIST
FOR WITCH OF THE WAVES

MAIN HAND: SCINTILLANT STAFF
Dye: Turquoise Green
Obtained: Crafted (GSM Lvl. 50)

HEAD: YAFAEMI HAT OF CASTING
Obtained: The Weeping City of Mhach

CHEST: THALIAK'S CHESTWRAP OF CASTING
Dye: Turquoise Green
Obtained: Storm Sergeant - Wolves' Den Pier (2,000 Wolf Marks)

GLOVES: KOPPRANICKEL ARMLETS OF CASTING
Dye: Turquoise Green
Obtained: Crafted (GSM Lvl. 61) / Norlaise - Ishgard - The Pillars (19,994 Gil)

PANTS: BLACK SUMMER TANGA
Obtained: Veteran Rewards

SHOES: DALMASCAN LEATHER SHOES
Dye: Turquoise Green
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 80)

EARRING: BARON EARRINGS
Obtained: FFXIV: Heavensward Preorder Bonus

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Chic Student Witch

BY K'OME YAMA
FROM ULTROS

Just because the uniform is drab, doesn't mean you can't spruce it up a bit. Study the darkest of magics and look chic while doing it.

GEAR LIST
FOR CHIC STUDENT WITCH

MAIN HAND: ONA RAMUHDA
Obtained: The Striking Tree (Extreme)

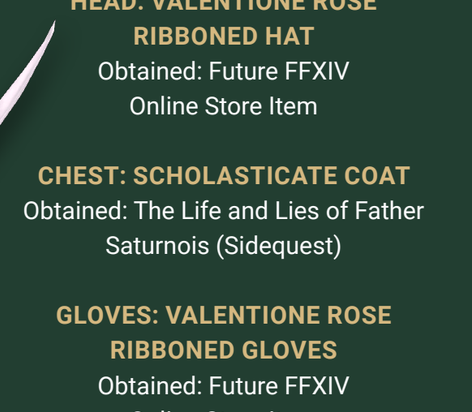
HEAD: VALENTIONE ROSE RIBBONED HAT
Obtained: Future FFXIV Online Store Item

CHEST: SCHOLASTICATE COAT
Obtained: The Life and Lies of Father Saturnois (Sidequest)

GLOVES: VALENTIONE ROSE RIBBONED GLOVES
Obtained: Future FFXIV Online Store Item

PANTS: VALENTIONE ROSE TIGHTS
Obtained: Future FFXIV Online Store Item

SHOES: HIGHSUMMONER'S BOOTS
Obtained: FFXIV Online Store



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Guardian OF THE NORTH

The Guardian of the North is one of the four called upon by witches from another world when casting a circle to begin a ritual. She symbolizes the direction north and embodies earth, nature, strength, and stability. “I call upon the Guardian of the North and the element of Earth to watch over this sacred circle.”

GEAR LIST
FOR GUARDIAN OF THE NORTH

MAIN HAND: INGRIMM
Obtained: Resistance Weapons Saga

HEAD: SERPENT ELITE'S CIRCLET
Obtained: Hunt Billmaster -
New Gridania (600 Allied Seals)

CHEST: NEO-ISHGARDIAN TOP OF HEALING
Dye: Olive Green
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 80)

GLOVES: THAVNAIRIAN ARMLETS
Dye: Olive Green
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 60)

PANTS: STAR VELVET BOTTOMS OF HEALING
Dye: Chestnut Brown
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 60)

SHOES: REPUBLICAN MEDICUS'S CALLIGAE
Dye: General-purpose Metallic Gold
Obtained: Storm Sergeant -
Wolves' Den Pier (2,000 Wolf Marks)

RING: PALLADIUM RING OF HEALING
Obtained: Crafted (GSM Lvl. 68)

RING: PALLADIUM RING OF HEALING
Obtained: Crafted (GSM Lvl. 68)

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The High Priestess

She serves as head of the Coven and is also a mediator and guide to many. Though she possesses great knowledge she can be very selective with whom she shares. Here ready to lead her coven in an important ritual, she dons a light blue robe and possesses a crystalline staff from which she draws her power.

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GEAR LIST
FOR THE HIGH PRIESTESS

MAIN HAND: GIANTSGALL CANE
Obtained: Crafted (ALC Lvl. 50)

HEAD: REPUBLICAN MEDICUS'S LAUREL WREATH
Dye: Cork Brown
Obtained: Storm Sergeant - Wolves' Den Pier (2,000 Wolf Marks)

CHEST: PEACOCK ROBE
Dye: Ice Blue
Obtained: FFXIV Online Store

GLOVES: FAR EASTERN NOBLE'S ARMLETS
Dye: Cork Brown
Obtained: FFXIV Online Store

PANTS: THAVNAIRIAN TIGHTS
Dye: Bone White
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 60)

SHOES: THAVNAIRIAN SANDALS
Dye: Cork Brown
Obtained: Crafted (LTW Lvl. 60)

EARINGS: PETALITE EARRINGS OF HEALING
Obtained: Crafted (GSM Lvl. 78) / Tholl Junkmonger - Kholusia - Tomra (18,451 Gil)

RING: SILVERGRACE RING OF HEALING
Obtained: Crafted (GSM Lvl. 70)

RING: SILVERGRACE RING OF HEALING
Obtained: Crafted (GSM Lvl. 70)

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Louhi the Witch of North

Gaze upon a powerful witch from another world, who lives in a mansion in the “North of Horne”. For a time, she sold her magic to help others as long as they gave her payment in jewels. Later, she was seen as a bad omen for her deeds despite her loyalty to the ruler of “Spelvia”.

GEAR LIST
FOR LOUHI, THE WITCH
OF NORTH

MAIN HAND: GRIMOIRE OF THE TRUE GRIFFIN
Dye: Soot Black
Obtained: Crafted (ALC Lvl. 70)

HEAD: REPUBLICAN SIGNIFER'S HORN
Dye: Soot Black
Obtained: Storm Sergeant - Wolves' Den Pier (1,500 Wolf Marks)

CHEST: HIGH HOUSE BUSTLE
Dye: Soot Black
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 60)

GLOVES: DIRNDL'S WRIST TORQUE
Dye: Soot Black
Obtained: FFXIV Online Store

SHOES: ADEPT'S THIGHBOOTS
Obtained: Scrip Exchange - Old Gridania
(52 Yellow Crafters' Scrips)

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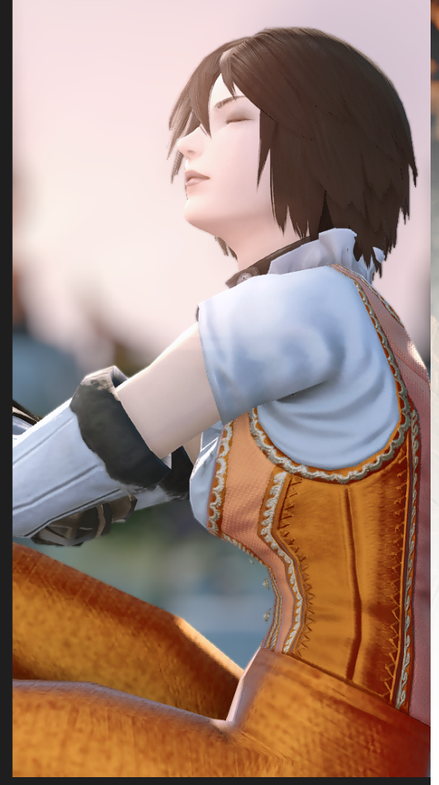


FIRST PLACE WINNER

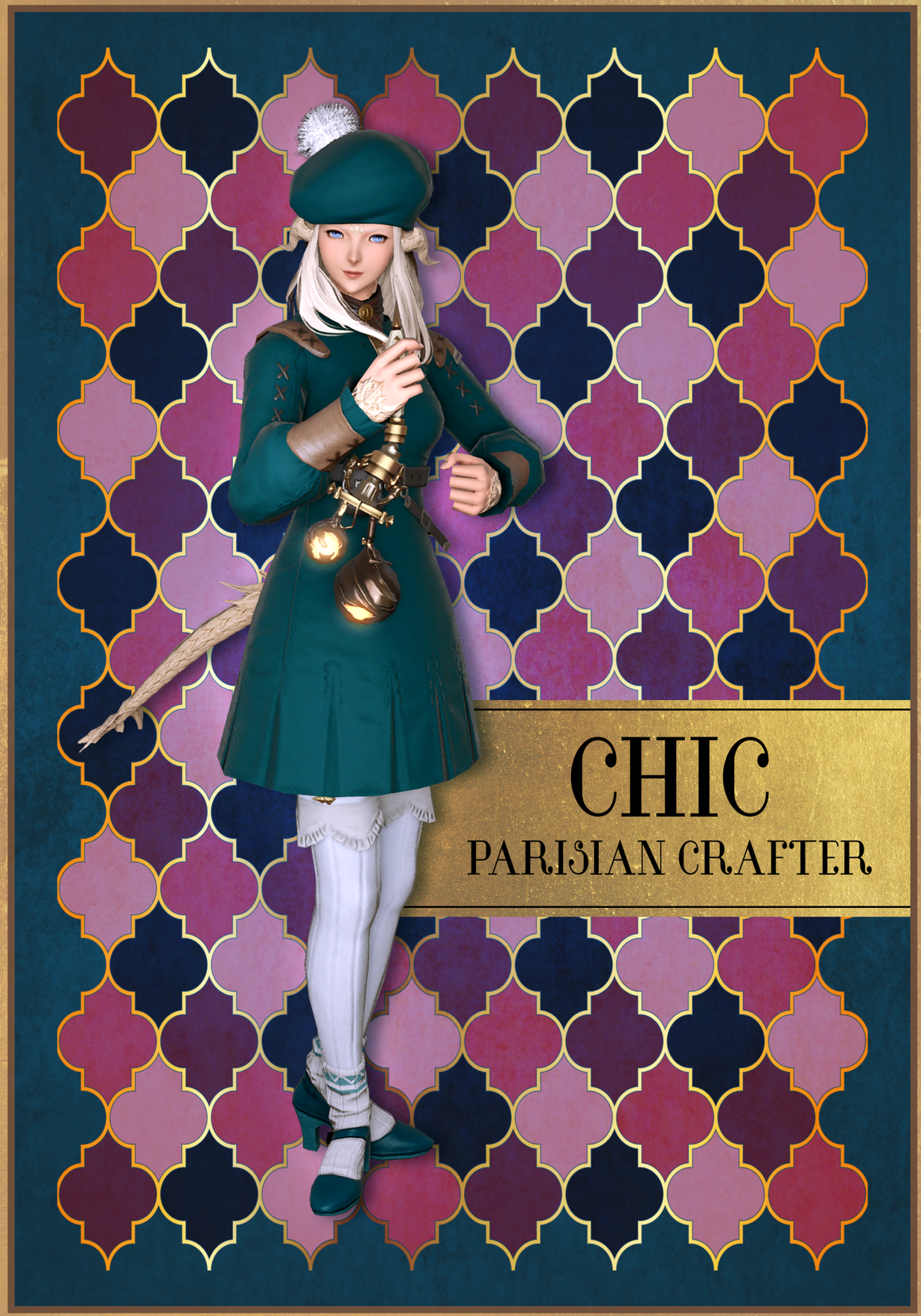
ITA ASAKURA

CERBERUS

SECOND PLACE WINNER

CLAIRE COUTURE

ZALERA



CHIC

PARISIAN CRAFTER

THIRD PLACE WINNER

LOHIA AIHOL

CERBERUS

JEWEL IN THE SNOW

MISIA'S TOMESTONES OF POETICS:

Three Headed Draught

BY MISIA KITAMI

Drip, drop, lollipop

Sprinkle fear right on top.
Tell me, sweetheart, can you speak?
Open your eyes, take a peek.

Drip, dry, demon's eye

Don't look at me like I'm the bad guy.
I am doing this for your own good,
Count on me, just like you should.

Drop, drake, bone flake,

No need to shiver in my wake.
I made this potion just for you,
I call it my own Witches Brew.

Drink, dunk, smelly skunk,

Let the aroma get you drunk.
Let it slither through your veins,
Shackling you in steel chains.

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Spit, spark, spriggan's bark,
I hope you're not afraid of the dark.
Let the magic flow through your paws,
Taste the power in your jaws.

Tweet, treat, bittersweet,
Looks like you're craving meat.
Don't you worry, I have made supper,
For you, Cerberus, my deadly new pupper.

ReiRei COSPLAY

コスプレイヤーのレイレイ

Konnichiwa everyone! I'm Rei Rei, nice to meet you! Glamour may be the true end game, but it's cosplay that makes my heart go dokidoki! In our pursuit of cosplay today we are traveling from the heart of Shadowbringers to our own cozy home or inn room. Except for Ishgard; their inn rooms are not cozy and more like where you'd keep a kidnap victim. Eww!

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NO MORE MRS.

Nice Jester

The first Eulmorians we meet in Shadowbringers are two blonde girls dressed as masked jesters who act as the liaison between the city of Eulmore and the people of Gate Town, doling out rations of meol and soliciting for workers with specific skills to join the elite community. These are Red Jongleur and Blue Jongleur. We see them again when we return to attack the city, and they are our first real challenge in the solo duty. Once they are defeated they are not seen again.
Did we kill them? Did they escape, doffing their masks and brightly colored garb to slip away and hide among the crowd?

Final Fantasy has a proud tradition of taking characters from one game and reintroducing variations of them in others. Final Fantasy IX includes red and blue jester characters called Thorn and Zorn. These are a pair of mages who recur as minor antagonists throughout the story, eventually combining to form a grotesque single entity, Meltigemini. But apart from sharing the general traits of being a pair of red and blue jesters, there's no other connection to the Jongleurs.

Another pair of red/blue-themed girl antagonists are Annia and Julia Quo Soranus, the final bosses of Ghimlyt Dark. There is speculation that the Jongleurs are the First's reflection of these two, but there's no evidence to support this idea beyond them also being twin girls dressed in red and blue.

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RED JONGLEUR

Hairstyle: Form & Function
Obtained: Eureka Pyros
Happy Bunny Lockbox

Head: Harlequin's Cap
Dye: Mole Brown
Obtained: Dzemael Darkhold

Chest: Evenstar Coat
Dye: Dalamud Red
Obtained: Hunt Billmaster - Maelstrom Command (40 Allied Seals)

Gloves: Songbird Gloves
Obtained: FFXIV Online Store

Pants: Bunny Chief Tights
Obtained: Gold Saucer Attendant - Gold Saucer (36,000 MGP)

Shoes: Bunny Chief Pumps
Obtained: Gold Saucer Attendant - Gold Saucer (30,000 MGP)

Earrings: Valerian Dark Priest's Earrings
Obtained: Castrum Abania

BLUE JONGLEUR

Hairstyle: Form & Function
Obtained: Eureka Pyros
Happy Bunny Lockbox

Head: Magician's Hat
Obtained: Halatali (Hard)

Chest: Chimerical Felt Coat of Casting
Dye: Storm Blue
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 60) / Repository Node - Helix - Azys Lla (18,532 Gil)

Gloves: Songbird Gloves
Obtained: FFXIV Online Store

Pants: Bunny Chief Tights
Dye: Woad Blue
Obtained: Gold Saucer Attendant - Gold Saucer (36,000 MGP)

Shoes: Bunny Chief Pumps
Obtained: Gold Saucer Attendant - Gold Saucer (30,000 MGP)

Earrings: Fabled Earrings of Casting
Obtained: Yolaine - Ishgard - Foundation (55 Clan Marks)

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Curiosity
CALLED THE CAT

What would you do if you were a retainer? Would you sneak out and steal the roof off of someone's house to bring back to your mistress? Would you sleep on the job and bring back nothing but fish? Would you be totally tsundere or sweetly demure? Let's find out!

The biggest problem with making a retainer cosplay is that although you can find pieces in the right style, you can't get the colors completely accurate. For example: although it's possible to dye the top a shade of blue that is very close to the original, it has red lapels and cuffs that cannot be duplicated.

So how accurate does the cosplay have to be? Do you want to be totally authentic to the source or do you just want to give a recognizable impression? Your mileage will vary and it depends a lot on the purpose of the cosplay. My personal standards are generally high, and I have rejected cosplay ideas because I could not source items that were close enough for me, but there are limitations you just can't get past. There are many costume pieces that are only available to NPCs or impossible to color correctly, so you have to be a little flexible. Blue Jongleur's hat can't be dyed to match the colors of the original but I ultimately decided that since the rest of the glam was accurate I could overlook that one fault.

I think about it like this: “will anyone notice the difference without comparing the cosplay to the original?"—but not everyone is the same way. I've seen instances of people constructing a cosplay where none of the items were accurate to the original, and the result gave only a general approximation of the outfit they were trying to replicate, and they considered that good enough quality for a video on YouTube. I would not agree, no no no. But while you can't get the colors quite right for a retainer, at least the pieces are correct. It's not a glam I'd hold to the same standard as when I am trying to recreate a specific character. It's really just for fun.

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GLAMOUR ITEMS

Chest: Patrician's Coatee
Dye: Rhotano Blue
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 50) / Norlaise - Ishgard - The Pillars (6,177 Gil)

Gloves: Patrician's Gloves
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 50) / Norlaise - Ishgard - The Pillars (4,435 Gil)

Pants: Manderville Bottoms
Obtained: Her Last Vow (Side Story Quest)

Shoes: Linen Gaiters
Dye: Snow White
Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl. 37) / Domitien - Old Gridania (3,169 Gil)

I hope I've stuffed your head full of ideas and possibilities,
so until next time, ja ne!

– Rei Rei

LEEJA'S HOUSING
CORNER

Hello and welcome fellow housing enthusiasts to another edition of Leeja's Housing Corner! This month we are taking a journey over to Ragnarok to visit **Grayson Dhunbar**'s gorgeous home in the Lavender Beds.

Walking through the front gate, we are immediately met with a path that leads directly ahead to the front door, and off to both sides of the yard. The entry path is decorated on both sides with lush **Sunflower Plots** and **Lupin Plots** while tall **Eastern Pines** lightly sway in the pleasant breeze. To the left lies an **Oriental Striking Dummy**, flanked on either side by a **Hingan Hot Spring** and an **Eastern Teahouse Bench**. On the right, the angled path leads to freshly washed clothes hanging to dry on **Laundry Poles** set in the garden.

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Taking our leave of the exquisite yard Grayson has decorated, we step through the front door. Immediately, we are greeted with soft light pouring through the **Fool's Thresholds** bordering overhead. The front door is nestled between two **Rectangular Wall Partitions** under a lowered ceiling lined with lush **Wall Planters**.

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gposers

To the right is the bathroom. On its entrance shrouded by a **Simple Curtain**. The bathroom interior is dimly lit by the flames of an **Assorted Candle set**, and the **Carbuncle Bathtub** is set against the rear wall, encased in strategically placed **Rectangular Wall Partitions**. This would be the perfect spot to unwind after a long day with a glass of wine in hand.

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Exiting the bathroom, we move forward into the main sitting area which has been decorated meticulously. A **Glade Pillar** has been lifted from the basement to create a lovely wooden round table, complete with a **Potted Orange Tree** as the centerpiece. A **Wooden Staircase Bookshelf** lines the wood-accented wall to our right, while to our left a **Staggered Shelf** holds a pair of seemingly **Misplaced Eyeglasses** along with an **Allagan Tomestone of Frivolity**.

Moving past the center room to the right, we notice a small open kitchen up a short flight of stairs. Grayson maintains his sleek and modern aesthetic in the kitchen by utilizing dyed **Manor Fireplaces** as countertops to encase the **Southern Kitchen**, creating a gorgeous island. Manor Fireplaces create another countertop along the rear wall, along with floated **Bread Racks** mimicking upper cabinets. I was simply floored by the creativity poured into this kitchen. A lovely **Lakeland Table and Chair set** is placed just outside the kitchen, providing ample dining space.

Continuing along, we are met with a small reading nook, complete with another **Wooden Staircase Bookshelf** and **Glade Bench** dyed a lovely shade of purple. The path leads us to another set of steps into the bedroom. A **Double Feather Bed** sits in the center of the bedroom against **Hingan Bookshelves** and a **Mummer's Wardrobe**, all carefully sunk into the floor. Two **Amaurot Wall Lamps** set on the rear wall cast a dim light in the cozy and well-decorated bedroom.

Sadly, this concludes our tour of Grayson's beautiful home. A definite treat for the eyes; I would highly recommend stopping by should you find yourself in the area. You can find Grayson in **The Lavender Beds, Ward 8, Plot 46 on Ragnarok**.

Well, I hope you all enjoyed this housing adventure as much as I did! As always, I am continuously on the hunt for houses, apartments, cafes, and more to visit, so if you or anyone you may know want to be featured in an upcoming article, give me a shout! You can find me on Lamia or in our Discord. Until next time, happy decorating!

Leeja

Artist Showcase

HIDE

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How long have you been creating art?
I've loved doodling since I was a kid, but I didn't really start learning to draw as a career until 2005 when I accidentally joined From Software (I joined the company as a graffiti artist, even though I'd never touched a pen tablet before, so I had to rush to learn the tools and design in a big hurry to make sense of it all, LOL).

What do you love to draw the most?
Cool and slightly darker illustrations. I like villains.

What motivates you to draw?
The client's pleasure! That's the only purpose.

Who/What is the inspiration behind your art?
I read the client's written request carefully. When I do so, an image will naturally emerge.

Do you accept commissions?
Of course! I can't take all requests these days, but I do accept applications every two months or so on Skeb.

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TWITTER:
HTTPS://TWITTER.COM/HIDEOUT_HIDE

SKEB:
HTTPS://SKEB.JP/@HIDEOUT

DRESSING THE PART

with Zyn

So! We've touched on "How to find roleplay" and offered "What kind of roleplay" guides you can embroil yourself into. Now let's talk about the truly fun part of the experience: dressing up!

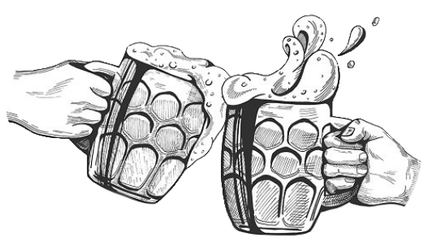
With as many combinations of garments and accessories present in the FFXIV world, finding the "right" outfit can be daunting (especially if you like to hoard all of the glamour drops).

Hopefully these suggestions will tone down the worry (and dungeon grind) to let you strut into a scene with confidence that you'll look the part for the mood you're after!

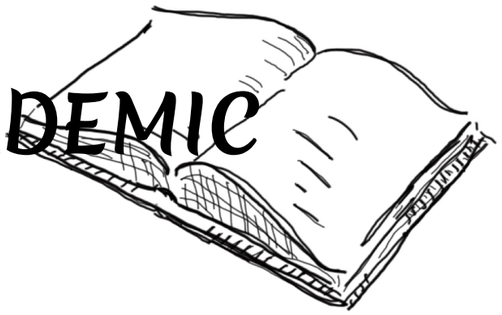
THE BARKEEPER

Workable, functional, and ready to serve! The role of the barkeep in roleplay is to be both an approachable ear and aficionado of excellent service. Or, to occasionally thwack the head of a misbehaving patron. Unlike a host in a more high-class establishment, the ensemble of the barkeep tends to be casual and free-flowing to aid in movement. And of course, personal comfort is key in case they need to carry someone out to a chocobo porter.

Skirts for females and low-neckline tops for males can add a flirtatious vibe, but for the more reserved, button-ups or aprons convey the feel just fine.



THE ACADEMIC



The first thing that comes to mind is “glasses”, right? Or even the notorious Sugarloaf Hat? Both work with ease, but education is not emphasized only in Eorzea. Doma has its reconstructed institution as well! The learned are often deduced by their modest and roomy attire, made so to hold writing instruments or tomes. And for the combat academic, a sash to hold their bokken at their side.

What matters is the “attitude”—the emphasis on an open mind and explorative spirit. The drive to fail and succeed for their betterment.

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THE (BOUNTY) HUNTER

A concept that never goes out of style and perhaps has the most versatile outfits depending on culture and upbringing. A hunter's renown is tied to their adorned trophies and trinkets which tell the tale of their ventures and survival. Clothing tends to be skin-tight to keep from snagging on tree limbs or brambles, but also to aid in movement when needing to make a quick escape!

While the attitudes vary, nearly all have a common sense of accomplishment for their successful pursuits. Solo and group hunters are known to share their tales to assist aspiring hunters on their path (and give themselves some notoriety, of course). But the "proud" tend to wear their trophies with a little more flair (like a certain Gilded Bow!).

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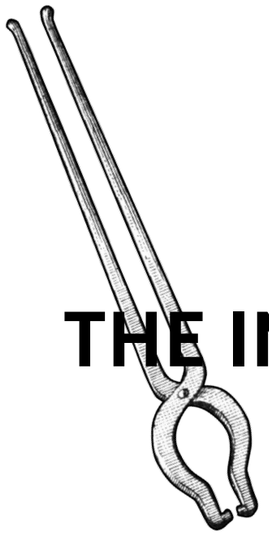


THE INDUSTRIALIST

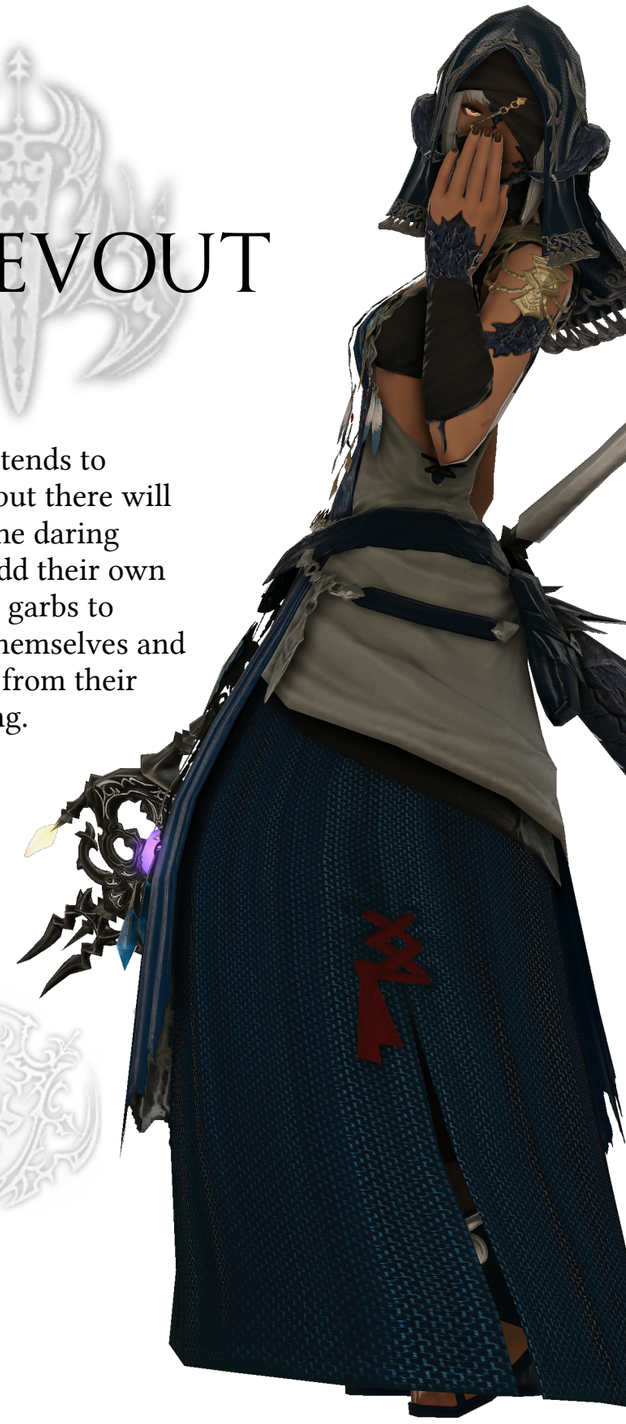
Sweat, tears, and a gruff demeanor…most of the time. These are the engineers with aspirations of discovery. Rarely are they without a gadget or a handmade work to speak on, always hoping to bend just the right ear to gain support for their inventions. Most would think “They’re a machinist for sure!”, but let’s not forget about the hard-working blacksmiths and armorers.

Noted prominently for their leather and plated garbs, it’s not too hard to pick them out on a busy street. Just expect to get an earful the moment you make eye contact!

THE DEVOUT

With as many practices as there are deities in the realm, there are just as many devout symbols to observe. More often, each garb announces the deity the individual serves with boundless pride while also serving as a quiet warning to non-believers. Devout individuals may also shroud their face to avoid distractions of the material world and keep their focus on their deity. There are also those who dress to reflect the image of their deity by more subtle means, as seen with the Xaela of the Azim Steppe and the Viis of Rak'tika.

Uniformity tends to hold sway, but there will always be the daring souls that add their own flair to holy garbs to announce themselves and curry favor from their blessed being.



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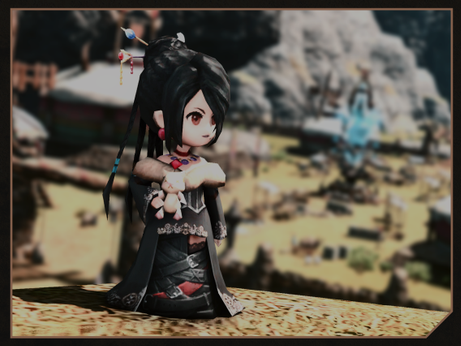
Please keep in mind that these ensembles are suggestions for the themes. Each character has their own flair that blossoms in different ways. But hopefully these will point you in the right direction to make the most of your experience and let the community know “who” you are!

Happy Roleplaying!

MINION MENAGERIE

Another year has come and gone,
The golden wisps of autumn dawn
Amid All Saints' Wake the lanterns burn bright,
For the time has come and the witches take flight
The children rejoice for candy and games,
While adults work hard to remain somewhat sane
As little ghosts dance and the goblins prance,
The festival-goers remain in a trance
The city's streets fill with the young and the old,
Even for monsters a sight to behold
Heard are joyful laughter and delighted screams,
But beware of the imps with their magical dreams!



Wind-up Shantotto

Description: "If you fail to treat her right, she will set your pants alight."

Obtained: FFXIV Online Store

Gigi

Description: "Also known as Vivi…but his secret is safe with you."

Obtained: "If I Could Turn Back Time" (Quest Lvl.60)

Wind-up Sadu

Description: "Will most likely not call any of your companions a stunted chuluu."

Interaction: When Wind-up Magnai is in close proximity, the two will interact.

Obtained: Crafted (WVR Lvl.70)

Wind-up Lulu

Description: "Magic has no limits." Nor does the list of exciting things you can do with this automaton."

Obtained: FFXIV Online Store

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NOVEMBER
BIRTHDAYS

3 **KIMLOL XX**
COEURL
BYREGOT THE BUILDER

4 **SYHN FORWARD**
LOUISOIX
RHALGR THE DESTROYER

6 **YUMO OHWAH**
ODIN
RHALGR THE DESTROYER

6 **LANTIS ARKZERAK**
RAGNAROK
OSCHON THE WANDERER

6 **LUMI STELLA**
LAMIA
AZEYMA THE WARDEN

7 **SCAR DRAKON**
ODIN
OSCHON THE WANDERER

8 **LEYFEEN PHAELLEN**
MOOGLE
HALONE THE FURY

10 **ALEXANDER CORWELL**
JENOVA
RHALGR THE DESTROYER

10 **GILLIFER GILES**
EXODUS
RHALGR THE DESTROYER

12 **ALETERASU TSUBASA**
ULTROS
NYMEIA THE SPINNER

12 **SELKIE NAKAE**
LAMIA
AZEYMA THE WARDEN

16 **HATASH HYRUNASHI**
HYPERION
ALTHYK THE KEEPER

18 **SAYORI AKIYAMA**
FAERIE
OSCHON THE WANDERER

19 **AZENA ALIRAE**
KUJATA
NYMEIA THE SPINNER

22 **FLARA STARBURST**
FAMFRIT
AZEYMA THE WARDEN

22 **KASAI KURAYAMI**
TWINTANIA
HALONE THE FURY

22 **MISS FASHIONFUCHS**
OMEGA
NYMEIA THE SPINNER

24 **AINE SEVRI**
ZODIARK
AZEYMA THE WARDEN

25 **STRAWBERRY SUNDAE**
GOBLIN
NALD'THAL THE TRADERS

28 **RIXAS ACRISA**
GILGAMESH
NALD'THAL THE TRADERS

THE HORROR OF HYRSTMILL

a short story by Brae Ritian

+++ FIFTH UMBRAL MOON – 6TH SUN +++

I've never kept a diary before, not even a notebook. So please be patient with me as I write my days down here! To be honest it feels a little strange, like I'm talking to someone that isn't there. Maybe someone is there and I just don't know it yet.

Anyway, I guess I should introduce myself to whoever decides to read this! My name is Agnete. I live in Hyrstmill. You may have heard of it; it's a tiny hamlet that lies right on the lip of the Peacegarden Woods in the Northern parts of the Black Shroud. Then again, you might not have. Nothing really happens here, so to be honest I'm not really sure what I should write about – not unless you fancy hearing about the trees, that is – and for a girl my age, it's really quite lonely here.

It's very lonely, actually.

+++ FIFTH UMBRAL MOON – 10TH SUN +++

So today I met someone. Now, let's not get excited but I met y'jhotah. Yeah, y'jhotah Tia! The baker's son! Obviously I've seen him around before – I mean who hasn't? – but I've never really spoken to him. I bumped into him down by one of the rivers outside the hamlet's walls. He was wagging his tail around like an Opo-opo with a new toy.

He's usually out in the woods, so I don't usually get to talk with him, but today I was going to pick some mushrooms for tonight's stew, and there he was! Crouched over a bunch of lilacs he'd picked by the river. I don't know why I wanted to say hello but I did, and the next thing you know we're chatting as if we've been friends all our lives! He said that he was collecting the flowers for his grandma who lived in the woods; they smelled wonderful!

He said that he liked my dress. So...I guess I should wear it again!

"Another one?"

"Yeah. Confirmed last night."

"That's the third this month."

"The sentries reckon it was a wolf or something, snatched her on her way home."

This was the conversation that Helene overheard as she quietly collected the abandoned food-stained plates from the table. Her sixth shift of the week was nearly ending, close to midnight, and there was one last group of men lingering in the tavern, nursing the last dregs of their beers. Final call had been almost an hour ago, but they hadn't left their seats to nab another round like most patrons. They'd just sat there, tankards near empty, speaking in hushed tones. Helene had decided to take her time clearing the tables nearest them, her ears straining to catch the words muffled by their grumbling voices and unkempt beards.

"A wolf?"

"Aye, that's what they're saying."

"Couldn't be; I haven't seen a wolf stray into Hyrstmill in years, let alone a whole pack of them."

"Surely we'd have heard something too. A scream or owt!"

"Trackers haven't found nothing; sticking with it anyway."

Helene tipped the contents of a dirty plate onto another. The cold steak dribbled its maroon juices onto the porcelain below, landing with a dull slap. She was too intent on eavesdropping to really notice the liquid splash against her apron, speckling it in isolated motes of red and brown. Helene understood what the men were whispering about.

Agnete had not come home.

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She frowned, remembering how she had at first been frustrated at her colleague bailing on her shift at the tavern, causing Helene to be called in on her day off. As word had spread from Agnete's parents that the girl hadn't returned, Helene had felt that frustration congeal and sink in her stomach. They hadn't been particularly close, but Helene worried. If the sentries had confirmed her missing then…wolves? Maybe…

When she'd finished her shift, the gossiping men having already left, Helene began to take the long walk home. She didn't live in Hyrstmill, rather, her family had settled a few years ago in the nearby village of Fallgourd Float. It wasn't a bad place to live, but Helene was used to the hustle and bustle of New Gridania, so this particular neck of the woods felt a little too quiet for her tastes. It was gone midnight by the time her footsteps crackled against the stones in the dirt path that serpentined its way along the Peacegarden woods. She pulled her shawl about herself to shield her bare arms against an unfelt breeze. She shivered. The path through the Peacegarden was wide, but Helene couldn't shake a feeling of claustrophobia that stole her breath whenever she realized that she couldn't see past the darkness licking at its borders. Her mother had always said not to stray from the path and Helene was both old enough and sensible enough to not have to be told twice. So long as she stayed in the middle of the path, kept to the lights along it, and checked in with the bridge sentries that dotted its length as she went, then she would be safe. And yet…the trees seemed to crawl towards her.

I'm not sure if you know this but a couple of girls have gone missing over the last few weeks. Katla and Alyanis. I kind of knew them, you know? Not, like, closely or anything...but I knew them. They're my age, so I had lessons with them growing up. I only bring it up because according to my Pa, who's a bridge sentry, they actually think they've found one of them.

Katla, apparently. She was the first to go missing, so I guess it makes sense that they found her in a roundabout way. She's dead.

Pa didn't want to get into the details with me, too gruesome he says, but from what I overheard with him and Ma...it sounds as if she was eaten. I didn't quite catch all of it though, just that pieces of her were "gone".

It's...really frightening. At least I've got Pa to protect me. Though I think he's being

overprotective; Ma said that the situation reminded her of a story about an old lady who would ambush young women and girls who entered the woods with lust in their hearts, kidnap them, then eat them alive. Pa immediately said that I wasn't to go into the woods with y'jhotah again! How dare he, right?!

On that note, I've scheduled another meeting with y'jhotah tomorrow! Nothing fancy, we're just going to Fallgourd together for some lunch. He did call it a "date" though. Is it a date??? Am I going on my first date??? Just the idea is making me nervous! I'll have to tell Ma at least, of course, since she understandably won't want me running off on my own. I'll make sure y'jhotah and I are back before dark.

Ooooh, I'm so excited! I'd better start getting some sleep, if I can!

Helene awoke with a start, sweat beading her forehead. She was breathing heavily and her heart was thumping, drumming loudly, pounding in her ears. She fumbled for her glass in the darkness, stretching her fingers around its cool surface and bringing it to her lips to wet her dry mouth. What had woken her? She looked around the room, slowly composing herself. Only a thin blade of moonlight revealed her room, slicing through the gap in her curtains and carving a silver column of light that allowed her to catch a glimpse of…it.

She sat up in her bed, staring at it, pulling her knees to her chest and clutching at her glass tightly. She felt the cold spike of fear slither across her body, causing her skin to prickle. Helene held her breath as she fought with all her might not to move, not to blink, not to scream. Would it leave if she just waited? Would it leave at all? She thought about reaching for the candlestick that stood unflinching, unlit, on her bedside cabinet, but her shaking hands failed to move. It wasn't moving either.

Helene gulped. It might be in her head. Yes, perhaps the candlelight would prove that she was imagining it — it was just her paranoia speaking. She steeled herself and slowly, ever so slowly, bid her arm to move, to creep, towards the candle. Whatever the shape was, the blackened appendage protruding from the shadows, it didn't budge as Helene's fingers tightened around the iron candle holder and drew it cautiously towards her. Once she had it cradled between her knees and her chest, Helene slid a match from the hidden drawer in the holder's base, still watching the thing in the moonlight. And struck it. The match cracked like the snap of lightning as it flared to life; the fire roared outwards, temporarily blinding Helene as she averted her eyes from the sudden flash of light. As soon as she could see again, Helene fixed her eyes back on the spot where it had been.

Had been.

The shape of the coal-black foot that betrayed the presence of something in the dark corner of her room had gone. All that was left was the crackling of the match, the release of Helene's held breath, and the faintly familiar scent of lilacs in the air.

FIFTH UMBRAL MOON - 12TH SUN +++

I didn't sleep. I wish I could say that it was excitement that kept me up but...it wasn't. I'm writing this just as I can see the sun rising from my window, thank whoever's listening that it finally is.

I think there was something in my room tonight. I'm not sure what, but I could feel it. I woke up and it was like something or someone was looming over me. Like I could feel their face ilms from mine. All night. I did try to get out of bed and leave the room but it was like there was a weight pinning down my arms and legs, as if someone was lying on them and pushing down on me beneath my sheets.

It eventually left, whatever it was, when the sun started to rise and I've only really just been able to move. I don't even know why writing it down was my first thought but I'm so scared and I just needed to get it out of me. I've got a few hours before I need to be anywhere so I'm going to try and get some sleep I'll ask Pa if I can sleep in his room.

Helene had been stopped on her way to work and she didn't have the patience for it. A lack of sleep and the pungent smell of flowers that still lingered in her nostrils had left her in a very prickly mood. She had expected, perhaps, that her journey might be halted by a sentry in light of recent events but not by a young Miqo'te looking to chat her up.

"So what's your name then?" he asked, sitting on the bridge's arched railing while kicking his feet.

"Helene, not that it's any of your beeswax." He wasn't unattractive, she thought, quite the opposite actually. He was downright handsome, tall with a lithe yet muscular build, thick brown hair, deep green eyes, and a smile that oozed a boyish charm that might have worked on any other girl. Helene had dated enough boys to know his type — the silver-tongued kind — and wanted nothing to do with him, even if he was gorgeous.

"Pretty! Where're you headed?"

"Work."

"Need some company?"

"Not particularly. Do you need something to do?"

"Nah," he said, jumping off of his perch and ambling beside her, "just that it's dangerous on the road these days...you know, what with the missing girls and all?"

"Yeah, predators and opportunists everywhere it seems," she replied coldly, turning heel and striding down the path away from him. She stuck to its center as always and breathed a heavy sigh when she heard his feet crunching behind her.

"I'm Y'jhotah, by the way."

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“Good to know, though I didn’t ask. Have a good day, Y’jhotah” she said dismissively. His name did give her brief pause though; why did it sound really familiar?

“Oh come on, Helene!” the Miqo’te protested, speeding up and stopping in front of her. “I’m sorry, but I really would feel more comfortable if you didn’t go through the Peacegarden on your own. At least let me walk with you.”

“You really can’t see when a girl’s trying to shake you, huh?” Helene scowled, though she had to admit he had a point. She would be safer with him around, though something didn’t sit well with her and she couldn’t put her finger on it. “Fine, you can come along. Just stay quiet; I didn’t get a lot of sleep and I’m not in the mood for talking.”

“Shutting up!” he chirped as Helene stalked past him, after which he fell in behind her.

The woods seemed to swell as the pair walked silently down the Peacegarden path, they bulged outwards as if to reach towards them. She did her best not to look at the trees, which stood as disarrayed solemn sentinels. They were watching her. Helene tried not to notice the insidious mist that had sunk to the base of the trees, obscuring the forest floor and hiding the tree roots that encroached onto the path like grasping tendrils. She could hear their leaves rustling as though they were alive, their skeletal branches creaking, groaning like the undead she had read about in storybooks, and she could hear the crunch, crunch, crunch, of the stranger behind her.

Helene shook the feeling off once they reached Hyrstmill’s gates, the sentries acknowledging them with curt nods. Agnete’s father was on watch; Helene could see him patrolling the walls, periodically glancing out towards the woods as if searching for something — his daughter, no doubt. Wait, she realized, his daughter! Agnete! She had been talking about a boy she’d met before she went missing, and his name was…

Y'jhotah?" Helene asked, breaking the silence between them.

"Yeah?"

"Do you know Agnete? She mentioned that the pair of you had been on a date."

"Agnete? Huh…I didn't realize you knew her."

"I work with her."

"I see, yeah I knew her. Nice girl, it's a shame that she went missing."

"When did you last see her?"

"Probably…" the boy gave it some thought before answering, "the 12th. It's when we had our meeting."

"And you didn't see her again after that?"

"Not that I remember. Why? Do you suspect me of something?"

"No," Helene lied, "just getting another perspective on things."

"Right…" said Y'jhotah, trailing off and leaving an awkward silence thick in the air. "I'd best be off, have a good shift, Helene."

Helene didn't reply; she turned her back to the young Miqo'te and headed to the tavern. He was hiding something. What she hadn't mentioned to Y'jhotah was that she knew Agnete had probably seen him again on the 13th, the day she went missing, as she had been excited for a second date. Nor had Helene mentioned that when Agnete had left to go see him…she had smelled of lilacs.

Pa's being ridiculous! He said that I need to stay home for the next few days except to go to work or, if I am going out, I have to be chaperoned by either him or Ma. Apparently he's worried about me going into the woods with strangers - he's obviously talking about Y'jhotah. Like, I get that people have gone missing but he's just a boy, right? What's the big deal? We just had a huge argument about it. Ridiculous.

Anyway, today went very well otherwise. I left to meet Y'jhotah on the bridge leading to Fallgourd so that we could walk half the way together. I thought this was very gentlemanly of him! He'd even bought me a gift, which he gave to me when we reached the restaurant. It was this beautiful bottle of perfume, apparently it's made of a decoction of lilac and other things - his grandma makes it, according to him. I've never even owned a bottle of perfume before, but I can't stop sniffing it! It smells AMAZING. It's pretty

strong though and makes my head a little fuzzy. It smells so good. So very good.

But perhaps the best part of today was the walk home. Y'jhotah walked me back in the afternoon, before sunset like I asked, but halfway home he stopped and held my hands and said: "Agnete, I know this is sudden, we're young, and we've just met but I think I love you."

!!!!!!!!!!

I was speechless! He then asked if I'd like to meet him tomorrow night in the woods for some "privacy"! I panicked and didn't know what to say so...I said I'd think about it. Y'jhotah is going to wait for me by the bridge anyway, so it's up to me.

I wasn't going to meet him originally but...after what Pa said, I'm going to go and prove that I'm safe with Y'jhotah. Yes, I'm going to elope with him!!

Helene's shift was uneventful. No secretive men whispering to one another, no further news about any of the missing girls, and barely any customers at all. In a way, she was relieved, as she wasn't entirely sure she could muster the effort to smile at people, but at the same time the night's events had left her groggy and the day had dragged.

Her shift ended in the evening, just as the sun was beginning to set, and she once again wrapped her shawl about her shoulders and made to leave. It was as she passed through the hamlet's gates that she stopped, catching that scent in the air again. Lilacs. It was so strong and sickly sweet, enough to make her nauseous, but she followed the smell down the path. Around the first bridge in Peacegarden, the warm sun descending and lighting the autumnal trees on fire, she saw him, Y'jhotah, sneaking through the woods. He wasn't facing her but was instead following the flowing stream deeper into the trees.

Should she follow him? Probably not. She looked down at her feet, the toecaps of her boots edging at the border between the path and the woods. It was stupid. Stupid and dangerous, she damn well knew it, but if he hadn't noticed her and he knew where Agnete and the other girls were…surely she had to do something. Helene paused. It'd make sense to tell a sentry, but of course, there wasn't one here when she needed one.

"Typical" she hissed under her breath. She didn't have time to find one now, Y'jhotah would get away.

Helene took a deep breath and stepped off of the path.

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It was getting dark and Helene had lost sight of her quarry. Her only light was the thin shafts of moonlight filtering through the canopy above, highlighting the foliage around her in patchwork spatters of cold silver. The lamplights from the path were nowhere to be seen, swallowed and stymied by the pitch-black tree trunks that seemed to gather together around her, the further into the Peacegarden she went.

All she had to guide her was her instincts and the smell.

By no means was Helene a tracker, but the aroma of lilacs was strong enough to follow. She traced its path as she weaved between the pillars of bark and thorny bushes, stopping dead in her tracks whenever she heard so much as a rustle. Her breathing was shallow and ragged, she was tired and scared; she wanted to turn back…whichever way “back” was. The realization hit her in a frigid wave: she had no idea where she was. How long had she even been walking anyway? It felt like no time at all but she had no way of telling how far she’d gone, or even how quickly she’d been going.

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But then, glinting in the darkness like a lighthouse, she caught sight of something amber. A light. Glowing like a beacon, gently swinging on a thin chain that squealed in the night's breeze. Helene had no choice, though even if she had, her curiosity would have gotten the better of her, so she approached. Crouching low so as to not give herself away, she crept towards the abode, ramshackle as it was. The small cottage's wooden walls reeked from here of lilacs and moss and it had a small flight of steps leading up to a humble portico that was unevenly built and snapped in the middle. Its thatched roof sagged under its own weight, which caused the small clay chimney to droop to one side as if in disappointment with what the cottage had become.

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Helene thought it looked abandoned, yet there was a light, hanging from a post just outside the cottage door. Perhaps this is where Y'jhotah was, she thought, or maybe where he was keeping the girls. Helene felt sick; what would she find in there? What if it was something no young woman should ever see? Only one way to find out.

Helene rose from her hiding spot and walked towards the door, taking care not to fall through the rotting stairs and portico as she stood by the door. It was unlocked and was slightly ajar, though not enough to peer through it.

Gently, she nudged the door open.

The smell, by the Twelve, the smell! An acrid sweet stench of offal and lilacs assaulted her senses, bidding her eyes to water, though this couldn't shield her from the grisly sight before her. She had found Y'jhotah and she had found the girls.

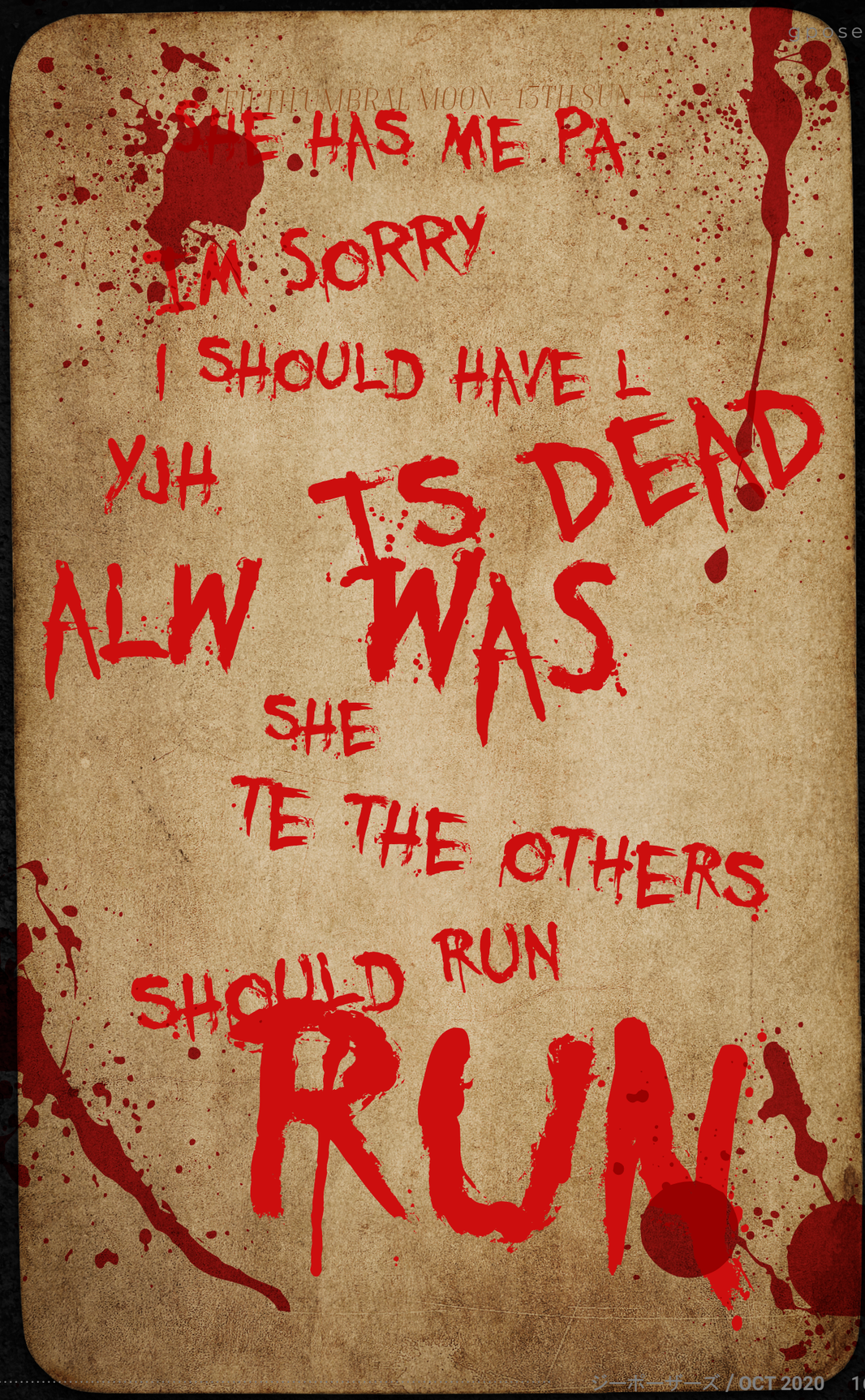
Y'jhotah's corpse was strung up to the ceiling by his wrists and ankles, his belly slit and dripping into a crude, grimy, bathtub below. Surrounded by hanging bouquets of lilacs. His purple, exsanguinated, face screamed in permanent, silent, agony as his lifeless eyes stared at the remains of two girls.

Helene could barely recognize Agnete and she didn't know the identity of the other, though it wouldn't have mattered if she had. The girl was mutilated. Her eyes and tongue had been torn from their rightful places, her chest and lower half had been ripped off, leaving a path of entrails and dried blood to a cooking pot nestled against the back wall of the cottage. Agnete, for her part, was kept in a wicker cage. She was still mostly intact, though the red stains caked around her eyes and mouth spoke of similar violation to that of the other girl.

"Agnete! Agnete, can you hear me?" Helene rushed over to the cage and rattled at it, scrambling with the rusted iron padlock that kept her housed. She grabbed at a discarded and moldering pan left by the cooking station and bashed the lock open, swinging the wicker door wide and reaching for Agnete's pulse.

She didn't find one. Agnete was cold and dead.

Helene felt bile rise in her stomach, retching and collapsing to her knees. She fought to hold it in, the strained tears of fear and anguish flooding her vision. How could this have happened? Who did this? Y'jhotah was dead so…then Helene saw it, a small book, lying by Agnete's hand. The cover read: "Diary". Helene, stifling her sobs, pulled the book towards her and flicked through the entries. The girl had only had the diary for a few days, and each told of a hopeful love that she had for Y'jhotah. Helene turned to Agnete's final entry, scrawled messily in her own blood.



Helene closed the book and stood up. She had to run. Like Agnete said, she would need to run and tell the sentries of this place; she was sure she could find it again. How could anyone miss this? She had to move, she had to run, back through the woods and night, there was no time to w—

The stairs behind her creaked.

The door's hinges whined.

The latch clicked shut.

Helene sucked in the rancid air, gripped the girl's—the corpse's—Agnete's—diary tight in her hand. She could feel every hair on her body stand in alarm, in protest, as the presence of something crawled over her body. Her shadow, cast over Agnete's ruined body and haloed in what little moonlight shone through a grimy window, was overcome with that of something vaguely humanoid. The shadow had the slim profile of something decrepit, arms that looked less like arms and more like branches, shoulders like the crossbeam of some ancient gallows. The floor creaked as the shadow grew, step by step, and Helene felt the urge to run. To spin her heel and bolt, to hit the thing with the book or the pan she'd found.

But she couldn't.

As if it had coiled itself about her, the thing's presence held her fast, trapped in an invisible vice that bade her still. Her limbs felt like rocks, weighed down and pinned in place. Helene tried to ask who it was, why they had done it, but her jaw was paralyzed. She strained at her fate, her voice box tearing to even let loose the utterance of a despairing moan. Her eyes could move, she found, but she couldn't blink, frenetically searching the still image of the cage, the moldy wall, the corpse, in front of her. Searching for an escape, a way out.

The floor stopped creaking. Helene could feel the being breathing on her neck, its balance lilting to the side.

A shape, black as night outside, loomed in her periphery. A black veil stared back at her; a shadowed gossamer membrane thinly stretched across ancient, crooked features. The old woman's features shifted beneath the darkness, never quite settling into something recognizable, flattening and kneading itself like dough. A sound not unlike hissing laughter ululated from what Helene could only assume was a mouth.

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She felt herself shaking as her instincts fought to overpower the crone's hold of her, her eyes unable to tear themselves away from the shroud. A scream, muffled and unheard in the forest, reverberated past her lips—invisibly stitched together as they felt to be—as the figure, with leech-like fingers, pulled back her veil.

The last thing Helene ever experienced was the faint scent of lilacs in the air.

THE END.

Hidden Gems

Lilystone

Central Shroud (27, 29)

Lilystone is a boulder that rises out of an otherwise pristine lake known as The Mirror. Its name stems from the abundance of water flora that blooms around it. The location was a popular sight before the Calamity, but only a few outside of adventurers visit the site today.

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Dimwold

The Fringes (10, 30)

One may assume that Dimwold is a swamp at first glance, but this is actually false. Beneath it are untold numbers of freshwater springs—their constant push to the surface has led to the air in the region being perpetually filled with fog.

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Hidden Tear

The Peaks (32, 7)

The location for this shrine of the departed is said to have been chosen due to the nearby waterfalls. The loud roar of the falls muffles the cries, and its spray hides the tears of all who visit.

INTRODUCING

Bedivere Eynhaerz

Designer

Cerberus, Chaos

Hey hey hey! I'm Bedivere from Cerberus. I'm a junior designer with the pleasure of having an opportunity to join the GPOSERS design team! I've been playing Final Fantasy XIV on and off since the PS3 beta, pre-glamour prism times! Shocking, I know.

In-game, you can normally find me:

- At a Market Board, previewing things that I can't afford because I have no Gil.
- In the inn rewatching the final Shadowbringers cutscenes over and over again.
- Nervously waiting for a queue to pop for something I've done countless times.
- Pre-typing "thanks for the raise".

Outside of the game, I like to play JRPGs like Persona, or more recently the Trails series. I also like to play basketball and watch anime (when I can) and dabble with tabletop games like Dungeons & Dragons. I find mythologies and folk stories interesting, especially any Arthurian or Japanese mythos. I geek out on those.

As a graphic designer, I enjoy looking at all sorts of inspiration, whether it's copywriting, illustrations, photography, typography, and all sorts of other things! I love seeing things that make me wonder "How on earth did they do that!?".

If you see me standing around looking aimlessly at a market board, or looking aimlessly anywhere in general, feel free to say hello! I'm always up for a chat.

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GPOSERS IS RECRUITING

Interested in joining the GPOSERS Staff? Inquire about our available roles and positions at one of our many points of contact and we'll be delighted to have a chat. We look forward to working with you!

WE ARE CURRENTLY RECRUITING:

Layout Designers, Photographers, Videographers, and Translators

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XIV

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